THE TOUCH OF THE WAND.

Before my lose and I and met The budding torch was stad with green; No bitter wind a woke to fret

The gold locks of the garden's queen.
The chestnut from his kingly throne
Edigmed over the dewy lawn, and yet
Their grace they had not wholly shown
Before my love and I had met.

Before my love and I had mey The sides were soft as now they be:
The sides were soft as now they be:
The breeze that this sed the violet
Shook white same from the hawthorn
With breath of likes freshly blown
My heart was lifted up, and yet

There was a sweetness all unknown Until my love and I had met. Before my love and I had met The whispers of the pines I heard; Low warblings paid the shelter debt

Where leaves concealed a happy bird:
The river rippied o'er the stone.
The air was thrilled with gladness, yet
Musto has gained a deeper tone.
Now that my love and I have met.

defore my love and I had met The earth was good, the fields were fair The lands where sums shall never set. Can God's own hand be plainer there? All joy of earth in joys unknown

Is gothered up, but we had yet If I and thou had never met William Waterfield, in the Cosmonolita:



CHAPTER XIX SU SOON FORGOTTEN

In the forenoon of the next day as I was returning from the store I met Charles Cornell on the street. I was walking along with my eyes cast down, and buried in thought, and did not know he was near me until he spoke. I glanced up to find him standing in front of me, while to one side there stood another gentleman whom I noticed only cursorily, supposing, as a matter of course, that he was some one whom I had never seen, and in whom I could have no interest whatever.

"I was just on my way to the store to tell you good-by," Mr. Cornell announced, "and I am very glad I met

"Then you are going away to-day?" I questioned.

"Yes. I had expected to remain until to-morrow.but a part of my business here was in relation to the land troubles, and as Mr. Hanley, the representative of the creditors, is going to my neighborhood I thought it best to mpany him."

"Mr. Hanley!" Reader, you cannot imagine what effect the announcement of that name, so unexpected as it was, had on me; nor how much greater the effect was when I looked up to find that Will Hanley was standing within an arm's length of me. It would be an impossibility to describe my sensations. I know that my breath and my strength left me, and that I gasped, and came near falling to the ground. For a moment my senses left me, I think, for everything was blank and unreal and the sunshine was so dim and uncertain. I seemed to be in a dream, and nothing appeared real

I recognized my boy friend in an in stant. He was unchanged except that he was taller and more graceful. He was a man grown now, but there was the same happy, boyish expression about his features, the same tender light in his eyes. He had grown handsomer and more elegant, and as I looked upon him I thought him very beautiful.

My first impulse was to extend my hand in greeting to my old friend, but He evinced no sign of pleasure in meetcame to me that he had perhaps forgotten the little girl he had once known. or that, at least, he did not recognize her in the tall woman who now stood before him. There had been wonderful changes in my appearance within the last three years.

"No," I said to myself, "he does not

Again I was about to address him and make myself known. But Charles Cornell anticipated me. I heard him

"Miss Owens, Mr. Hanley." I looked up expectantly and half reached forth my hand. As suddenly I lot my eyes fall and drew my hand



"MISS OWENS, WHAT IS THE MATTER?

back, while a cold chill ran to my heart. freezing all the light out of it and leaving it blank and desolate. Will Hanley showed no pleasure in meeting me He did not even so much as manifest a sign of recognition. He simply touched his hat, bowed stiffly, distantly, coldly, and, turning about, walked away with only a formal word of greeting.

that I could scarcely bear. It cut my heart deeper than any affliction I had ever known. For three long years I had loved Will Hanley, and found comfort in the thought of the joy of my meeting with him. In my dark hours, when I was all alone and friendless, I had solaced myself with the remembrance of the time coming, when my one friend of my childhood would come back to me with his love. And now he comfort and solace in her words and street. Charles Cornell could probably had come; but oh, how different was caresses. I wanted a mother's love and

He did not love me. He did not even choose to recognize me; but with the coldness of a stranger turned from me.

How bitter and terrible was my awakening from the fond dreams I had so long cherished! Oh. God, how I suf-What agonies racked my soul! fered! What torture rent my heart! It was as if a powerful, merciless hand had struck me a death blow. I staggered back and would have fallen but for the support of a fence which was near, and which I clutched convulsively. My head swam, my face paled to un ashy their sockets.

Charles Cornell saw my agitation and stepped quickly to my side.
"Miss Owens," he cried, anxiously.

"What is the matter?"
"I must go home," I gasped, leaning heavily on his arm. "Please take me." not leave you. Mr. Hanley can bring and prevented me.

"No, no," I cried, vehemently. "Just wait a moment and I will be able to walk. It is only a little way."

"I do not think you should walk, Miss Owens," he replied. "You are very pale and weak. See how you tremble. I had better call Mr. Hanley and have him bring a carriage."
"No, no; please don't," I said, almost

leadingly. "Don't call-anybody. I'll e better directly."

Mr. Cornell east a wondering glance at me, but urged the point no further, and after the lapse of a minute or so he took my arm and conducted me home. I grew calmer as we walked along, and by exerting all my will-power and call-ing all my pride to my aid I managed to cheerfulness that I was far affect a from feeling but which seemed to reassure my companion and allay his

"I am sorry to have troubled you," I marked, as Mr. Cornell was about to

"It was no trouble, Miss Owens, I assure you," he replied. "It is a pleasure to serve you. But you must be more careful of yourself," he added. "and not overtax your strength. I am giad I happened to meet you in time to onduct you home."

his companion. Evidently he did not suspect the cause of my indisposition, and I rejoiced that he did not. I felt that to have him know my secret would be a greater humiliation than I could

When Charles Cornell left, I retired immediately to my room. The artificial barrier I had erected to hedge in my grief was fast crumbling to pieces, and I knew that in another moment it would go down with a crash, and the surging waves would sweep up and pour over me. I knew I could not restrain my tears much longer, and when the torrent burst I wished to be alone.

I entered my room, and, turning the lock, threw myself down on the bed and let my grief have full sway. And, oh, what hot, bitter tears I shed! How poignant and cruel were the pains that tore my heart, lacerating it to the center, and draining it of hope, joy, and life. I had received the cruelest blow of my life, and I suffered such pangs as I had never experienced before. beatings I had received at my father's hands were light in comparison; and even the dreadful suffering I passed through when my stepmother held my face in the flames was nothing to the agony that tortured me now.

Reader, I loved Will Hanley with all the power and the ardor of my soul. had loved him above all of mankind from the day I first knew him, but now something in his manner checked me. I loved him a thousandfold more than I ever had before or during his above ing me, but looked upon me as one I had seen him again and my love had would upon a stranger. The thought rushed forth to meet him. The sight of his face, the look into his eyes, the sound of his voice had enthralled my being, and bound my heart in th strongest bonds of slavery. I loved Will Hanley madly.

I felt I should never recover from such grief as had fallen to me. I felt that to love as I did and not be loved in return would be sufficient sorrow to blast my life, and yet how much harder to bear was the knowledge that Will Hanley did not even so much as cherish me as a friend. How much heavier my disap pointment because I knew he turned from me coldly, giving me no sign of recognition. Perhaps my disappointment might have been less heavy had his conduct not been so foreign to his nature as I had known him. In him I had expected only gentle sympathy and kindness, and I had never dreamed that he could turn from me so unfeelingly as he had.

As I lay in my room that afternoon weeping my very heart out, I recalled all the little incidents of my life with Will Hanley was connected. I remembered how he used to praise my hair and my features, and how, a hun dred times, he soothed my sorrows and stilled my aching heart with words of sympathy. I recalled, too, the time when he came into my room and looked into my scarred and blistered face, and I remembered well how his eyes spoke a deeper pity than words could express. I recalled every gentle word, every tender look, every generous act I had known from him; and I contrasted it all with the present, and in my anguish of soul I cried out:

"How can it be? Ah, how can it, how can it be? How can he have changed so much? How can he have forgotten all of those old days, and dropped me out of his heart so completely?"

My sad thoughts were interrupted by aly a formal word of greeting.

That action filled my soul with a pain Bond who sought admission, I was Mrs. and I did not want her presence then, so I made no answer. She could not soothe nor advise me, and I was too sore to be probed with prying questions. I wanted her to go away and leave me alone. I wished for no one then but Mrs. Cornell. To her I would have thing in the house ran along smoothly opened quickly and eagerly, and, pillowing my head on her bosom, I would have poured out all my grief, and found

there was no one to whom I could look

for it save Mrs. Cornell.

Mrs. Bond continued to rap on my oor for sometime, but eliciting no reply, at last called my name. I did not answer, and she called again. She continued to call, pitching her voice higher each time, and finally I saw that unless I admitted her she would have all the occupants of the house aroused, and a scene would be the outcome. So I made an effort to check my tears and calm myself and then went to the door. My landlady scrutinized me searchingly whiteness and my eyes started from for almost a minute, after which she exclaimed:

"Well, the land sake, girl, whatever on earth is the matter of you? What has happened to you, I want to know?"

As I spoke I endeavored to close the "You are sick," he said, "and I must door, but Mrs. Bond edged herself in

> "Nothin" she repeated, shrilly, Well, it may be nothin', but my opinon is it's a mighty serious nothin'. Why," she cried suddenly, "you've been a crying. On my life, you have. Now, I know something is the matter besides not being well, and I want to know what it is."

"It is nothing that could be of any interest to you, Mrs. Bond," I replied. "You're mistaken, Miss Owens. Any-

thing that happens in this house is of interest to me, and anything that concerns one of the lodgers here concerns

She pansed a moment, then con tinued. "Miss Owens," she said, per-suasively, "you have met a great trouble and are unhappy. Tell me what it is, won't you?"

"I cannot," I replied, with difficulty keeping back the tears that would well up to my eyes in spite of all I could do to prevent them. "My trouble can be of no interest to you, and I prefer not to be questioned.

"But I could advise you," she urged. "No, you cannot," I said, making another effort to close the door, and fail "I wish to be alone."

Mrs. Bond edged her way farther into the room, and, looking me oversharpfor a moment, said:

I did not reply. I was thinking hov little occasion there would have been for his assistance had I not met him and that you can't do it. As I told you once before, people will form opinions from



"IT'S MY PRIVILEGE TO ENOW."

what they see and hear of you, and they may guess pretty well at your secrets thing is certain, and that you know, and that is your conduct is mighty queer and unaccountable. I can't see how any good is going to come out of the curious relationship existing between yourself and Mr. Bernard. It's the opinion of the occupants of this house that there is something wrong about it, and they demand of me an explanation; and I owe it to them, and to the character of this house, and to myself, that they have an explana-

Grief gave way to anger in an instant and, lifting my head in just resentment, I replied:

"There is nothing between Mr. Bernard and myself to explain. My present trouble has nothing to do with him. and there is not a secret in my bosom that the world might not read !

"Then why do you keep it to your self?" she asked. "Because it is my privilege," I an-

swered, rather flatly. Mrs. Bond sniffed, and flushed with anger. Her happiness for a week dended upon getting at the bottom of my confidence, and to be curtly and positively denied that pleasure was ex-

tremely galling to her nature. "Madam," she cried, with energy, "it may be your privilege to keep yo but it's my privilege to know something about the character of my odgers. I know there is something between you and Bernard, and I mean to know what it is. If you will not tell me he shall. The character of my honse demands an explanation of his visits here, and one of you two must give it."

She swept out of the room in high dadgeon, leaving me to bear, in my al-ready over-burdened and grief-stricken heart, the burden of her false accusaons and insinuations. I sank to the floor, hopeless and helpless, feeling that there was no release from sorrow in all the years of my life. I was very, tery miserable.

> CHAPTER XX. I AM LOVED BUT DO NOT LOVE.

The events of my life during the next three or four months are hardly worth relating, as nothing of particular importance transpired. The next day after my meeting with Will Hunley resumed my work at the office, and from thenceforth I kept to it continuously. Mr. Bernard left home a day of so later and for several weeks I did not see him. I corresponded regularly with Mrs. Cornell, and three or four times Charles Cornell had visited me. Mrs. Bond and her lodgers had for a time annoyed me with their suspicious glances, nods and speeches, but after a week or so that wore away and every-

and peacefully. I had seen nor heard nothing of Will Hanley since that day I met him on the had come; but oh, how different was caresses. I wanted a mother's love and have told me something concer his coming from what I had pictured it! sympathy, and in all the wide world him, had I asked, but I did not ch

to do so. The storm was over and the first wild surges of my grief had stilled, leaving me calm and collected, yet I was unhappy, and below the placid surface my soul was in a turbulent state. My love for Will Hanley knew no diminution, but burned as deeply as ever, amounting to a mad infatuation that refused to be conquered or quelled. Sometimes when alone in my own room my calmness and self-control gave way, and in secret my tears flowed and my heart mouned for my lost love.

Then one day there came to me a new source of grief, and one that weighed heavily on me. I do not know whether there is more pain in a disappointment in love, or in bringing disappointment to another. Perhaps, having the bitter "Nothing," I answered. "I am not experience of a denial myself, I knew well, and I want to be alone."

experience of a denial myself, I knew to feel for another. fully how to feel for another.

Charles Cornell came down to town one Sunday and took me for a drive. It was in the early autumn, and the day and the rousis were fine and the air exhilarating, and as we sped along the smooth lanes I felt a thrill of pleasure and life, such as I had not known for weeks. My companion was in better spirits than 1 had ever seen him, and laughed and chatted with a gayety and lightness of heart that was contagious, and for the nonce I almost forgot the sorrow that burdened me.

We had gone several miles, and had ridden a little way in silence, my companion becoming suddenly taciturn, when he turned his eyes to me, and, examing my features closely, asked:

"Do you enjoy this ride, Miss Owens? "I do, very much," I replied.
"There is but one thing about it that

I do not like," he remarked. "What is that?" I questioned.

"It is the end," he answered. could continue on, and on, forever, I

would ask for nothing more. "You'd get tired of it before a great while, I think, and enjoy a walk for a change."

"Whether walking or riding, it would be all the same to me if you were by my side.

I blushed and hung my head. realized only too well to what his thoughts were leading, and I would have checked him, but I had not the courage to speak out. I could not say or do anything to sadden his spirits, and I waited in dread and trembling for him to proceed.

I believe he construed my actions to his favor, for immediately he took heart and spoke out more boldly.

"Agnes," he said, calling me by that name for the first time, "there is but one thing I want to make my happiness perfect. Can you guess what that one

Still I said nothing. I could not have spoken if my life had depended on it. I dreaded to hear the declaration he was about to make, for I knew I must deny his suit and crush his great and good heart, and oh. I liked him so much. For all the riches of the world I would not cause him one moment of suffering, and yet I must blight his dearest hopes and make his life dark and sad, perhaps forever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OBJECTIVE AWKWARDNESS.

Argument by Two Damsels Upon a Nice Point of Etiquette. They were both graduates of a female eminary, and it seemed passing strange that they should differ upon a point of etiquette. They were unable to agree that a lady did not transgress the bounds of propriety in tying her shoe in the presence of gentlemen. "In my opinion," declared the tall girl with liquid blue eyes, "she should retire to another room." "Not at all, my love," warmly rejoined the petite damsel with the rich finsh on her cheeks, "such conduct would be prudish and prudishness is suggestive." They quoted from Kant They quoted from Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer in support of fine points of ethics without getting carer together in the remotest degree "Would you," flatly demanded the de-fender of the stricter school, "venture to stoop and tie your slipper in the middle of a crowded drawing-room? The brown disputant would do nothing of the sort. "I should carelessly move," she explained, "without attracting attention; behind a palm or into some corner." "And—" "On the pretense of stooping for some other purpose I should adjust the lacings without being noticed and without making myself conspicuous by leaving the room." "And suppose a-a man persisted in looking right at you?" "I should ignore him." "But still he would see you." The pe tite beauty was at no pains to conceal her contempt. "My love," she observed. with the suggestion of a speer, "I am astonished at your innocence." bine eyes opened very wide. "After your finished education," loftily pur-sued the dark beauty, "you ought to know that in a hypothetical instance of that sort there would be no possible

The Facts in the Case.

her.-Detroit Tribune.

awkwardness in a man's watching me

so long as he did not know that I knew

he was looking. The awkwardness, in

a word, is objective rather than subjec-

tive, don't you know?" The tall lady

could only think. Words had failed

He was up before a western justice for playing poker for money, says an "So you were playing cards?" queried

the court, sarcastically "No, your honor, I was not," was the Not playing cards?" and the court's amazement was plainly visible. "Why,

the officer arrested you at the table." know it, your honor." "Then why do you say you were not playing?"

"Because I wasn't your honor. The other fellow was doing all the playing." -Chicago Mail.

Depravity of the Esquimaux. Along the arctic coast men cut off the hair on top of their heads, so that they hair on top of their heads, so that they look like monks, the object being to avoid scaring the caribou by the flutter of their locks. The Esquimaux are fond of eggs not yet hatched, but about to be. They are much addicted to liquor and tobacco, and it is a common thing to see a nursing infant with a thing to see a nursing infant with a quid of tobacco in its mouth.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

-In dusting furniture, use soft cloths which have been sprinkled and rolled tightly the night before. -When swansdown becomes soiled it can be washed to look as well as new.

Tack strips of the down on a piece of white muslin and wash with white soap, then rinse and hang in the wind to dry. Rip from the muslin and rub carefully between the fingers to soften the leather. - Detroit Free Press. A Nice Egg Supper Dish: Boil six or eight eggs hard; when cold remove

the shells, divide in halves, place in a vegetable dish and cover them with a gravy made of a pint or less of milk, two tublespoonfuls butter, a little salt, and thicken with half a tablespoonful corn starch. Let this scald well before pouring it over the eggs. Eat hot .- Ohio Farmer -Sliced Currants: Five pounds

ripe, red currants (stemmed), three pounds of white sugar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and allspice. Boil the fruit with a pound of the sugar one hour, then add the remainder of the sugar, the spice, and one-half pint of vinegar. Boil one-half hour longer, then bottle and seal. Good Housekeeping.

Corn Fritters: Two cups of cold sweet corn out from the cob or canned. Two, eggs, one cup of sweet milk, onefourth teaspoon of salt and half-teaspoon of sods, two tablespoons of melted butter, and thicken with flour to make a batter. Stir together: grease a spider with butter and drop in spoonfuls and fry brown; turn and brown other side.—Boston Budget.

-1. mon Cake: A cupful of butter, one and a half of powdered sugar, four eggs, three cupfuls of flour, the grated rind and juice of a lemon and two cupfuls of Zante currants. One may use two eggs only and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, if it is to be used imme diately. For a cake to be put by, it is well to remember that the richer cakes require longer baking in a more moder ate oven. The excellence of light soda cake often depends almost wholly upon a quick and careful baking.-Country Gentleman.

-Spanish Buns for Tea: A quarter of a pound of butter, one teacupful of cream, three-quarters of a pound of flour, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a pound of sugar, four eggs and three teaspoonfuls of almond water. Sift the baking powder with the flour. Beat the eggs light separately. Cream sugar and butter together; add the beaten egg yolk. Stir in the cream and flour and egg white alternately. Stir in well the three teaspoonfuls of almond water. Bake in a buttered pan and cut in squares.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Panned Oysters: This is a most delicious dish. Cut stale bread in thin slices, then round them to fit pattypans. Toast these alices, butter and place them in pans, moistening them with a little of the oyster liquor. Now place on the toast a layer of oys ters, sprinkle lightly with pepper, and upon the top of each piace a small piece of butter. Place the patty-pans in a large baking pan, cover with another pan the same size to keep in the steam and flavor. Have a quick oven, and wisen cooked seven or eight minutes, until "ruffled," remove the upper pan and sprinkle with salt. Replace cover and cook one minute longer. Serve in the patty-pans. - Detroit Free Press.

SHE IS A SOCIAL ACQUISITION.

How the Woman Artist Is Regarded in the Country Where She Sketches. An agreeable feature has become part of the social life in almost all the rural villages where summer folk gather. This is due to the women artists. When the artist-man goes off for the summer he goes alone. He picks his kit, leaves home his good clothes, lodges with farmer or fisherman, and paints the girls and the shanty, is up before sun and in bed, perhaps, with the chickens. The artist-woman goes in couples. She has a trunk with her b clothes. In it she also puts some of her prettiest brie-a-brac, draperies, books, and bits of artistic odds and ends. She engages a room and disposes her pictures, studies, draperies and books in She creates an interior the like of which has never been in a country of flowered carpets and rectangular furniture. To this she adds the birds' and wasps' nests, the flamboyant weeds of the field, strips of birch bark and treasures of wood and field she can find in her artistic forages. She has brought also her amenities and social graces. Under her white umbrella, before her easel, she is an interesting feature in tha landscape. People come from afar to peep over her shoulder. With these she makes acquaintances, and, presto, before you know it she is a social eenter. She has a day, and there are weekly receptions and unlimited She is invaluable in tableaux, with her knowledge of colors, costumings, and lights. There is barn dance and she presides at the decoration of the interior. In many ways she proves a social acquisition and is correspondingly petted by the summer people, to whom she has brought a new element of interest. Meantime she has made pleasant acquaintances, who in town may been substantially valuable.-N. Y. Sun.

Peter M. Arthur, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, lives in a handsome home on Euclid avenue in Cleveland. He is thrifty and economical man, and is said to be worth \$300,000. It is eighteen years since he was elected to his ent position, and the order of which he is the executive head has grown to a membership of 30,000. Before his election as chief of the brotherhood, Arthur was an engineer on the New York Central railroad, with a home in Uties.

-Grandeur of the Middle Name Happy the young woman nowadays who has a middle name with a sonorous sound. Susan C. Nipper looks comm place, but Susan Cholmondely Nip s too fine for anything .- Boston Tran

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